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For Zion's Herald.

GODWIN'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.
Whoever would intelligently read the history of the Old World will be able first to comprehend in some detail that of France, as the stepping-stone, or rather the gorgeous vestibule, opening into the ample, more magnificent theatre of human history. Her part in the drama has been peculiar. Occupying the centre of West Europe, and earliest in the field, under the guidance of Roman culture and ideas, she has had a hand in nearly all the great enterprises of modern civilization. Nor has her been an undistinguished part. Position and training, combined with peculiar and striking native elements of character—"ardent and impulsive, so void of glory and so reckless of results, so intent and yet so intelligent"—peculiarly adapted this people to take the advance, and to communicate her ideas to the neighboring States. Guizot makes the shrewd remark that no system or leading idea has been European which till it had been taken up and experienced upon in France. The French have been the pioneers in the various departments of manners, education, politics and social economy. Bold and independent, the various systems have been accepted, tested and rejected, or incorporated into the national life. In the communication of thought, her life has flown out over the whole continent, and reflectives have in turn brought new vigor to the centre. Hence the chief era in her history have been those of the world or of general history. The stone, here dropped in the sea, sends forth an ever widening circle till the remotest nation feels the impulse. From this high point of observation the eyes of the student sweep the whole continent, and through Gaul's classes he is able to detect the gradual unfolding of schemes from this centre, as they broaden and become interwoven with the affairs of other States, and finally are wrought into the network of European diplomacy and war.

But the story of such a nation, so full of striking incidents, so alive with the great seed principles of humanity, and with so intimate interwoven with the fortunes of the Saxon race, had never been well told in the English tongue, is, to say the least, a remarkable circumstance, if not a reproach to our scholars.

That story, if it be one, no longer exists. Godwin's has given us a history which, for extensive research, depth of scholarship, reach of philosophy, exactness of statement, as well as for compact, orderly, flowing and readable narrative, will compare favorably with the great histories of our times—Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, and our own Bancroft, Prescott and Motley. The present volume is only the first fruits of a more ample and rich harvest from that old, and yet to us, fresh field. The work is to be divided into a few great and strongly marked periods, as those of ancient Gaul, feudal France, the civil wars, the great ministries, the reign of Louis XIV., and the Eighteenth Century. The volume now issued embraces only the first period, and, as touching less upon modern affairs, and marked by less brilliant scenes and characters than the succeeding ones, may be esteemed wanting in interest to the general reader; but this will be found to be a mistake.

Presenting these great qualities, this history cannot fail of success, but will be more fully appreciated as the author turns on into periods of greater dramatic interest, and that veer over our own time, allowing a wider scope for detection and philosophy, a more unfolded flow of the narrative, and a fair opportunity to dexterously type the great characters, and to paint the passing age.

BARBARISM.

Written after reading the Report of the Commission of Inquiry appointed by the United States Sanitary Commission, 1864.

Oh sickening record! most pathetic page
That tells the hideous history of our years!
We'll love it, and find a home in holy tears.

Oh, that those bathe a Nation's heart in tears.

Reading, what woful visions fill my eyes
Of loathsome prisons crammed with starving men,
And hateful swamps, where, 'neath the open skies,
The brave like beasts, are herded in their bane!

I see their crouching forms, their vacant stare,
The pale, wan faces, that cannot bear the sight,
The wan, pinched faces that wear a ghastly fair,
Of heroes gazing their foul rage in sleep.

These are thy fruits, O thou barbaric curse!

This Slavery is the crown that decks thy brow;

This is the Christian spirit that does not move!

These kind they charity allows!

O, dark the hour that saw thy shameful birth,
And dark and blighting all thy guilty reign!

Dark, frenzied, I smile the monster from the earth,
And on the nation God shall smile again.

For Zion's Herald.

PAPERS ON PRISON LIFE AMONG THE REBELS—NO. 5.

Newbern, N. C., Nov. 24, 1864.

Andersonville is a station on the Southwestern and Georgia Railroad, six miles to the southwest of Macon, Ga. There is no town or settlement of the least importance. A small wooden church, never completed, and less than a dozen houses are in sight. I arrived here at 1-1/2 P. M., Saturday, May 14. We were sixty in the company. Of the Fifth R. I. there were 60, of Co. A, fifty men, with Capt. John Aigan and Lieut. Wm. H. Durfee, and myself. The others were a few picked up at different times. Immediately on our arrival we were ordered out of the cars and formed in line, and turned over to the commandant of the prison. Here I first saw that long to a time, the men who were to be here were to be sent to the Union prisoners of war at that post. It is a long, tall, rough, coarse looking German. He wears incessantly, and curses most cruelly. While the men were being turned over to him I began to curse them. A cold chill ran over me when I thought that he was to have command and control of our men. The captain, lieutenant and myself he would not receive, and we were sent to the church near by, and remained with the guard that came with us. The men were marched down toward the stockade, a short distance from the depot and in view, and I saw them to speak to them no more. It was a sad farewell. But at that time we did not know much about prison life, and all were in pretty good heart.

On our arrival at the church I requested permission to go to some water near by and bathe myself. When at Kinston I bought a toothbrush for five dollars, and a small cake of soap for five dollars more, and my long, dusty, dreary ride made me feel like putting them in use. We were put in charge of two soldiers, who went with us to a small stream south of the church, running eastward through a swamp grown up with brush and small trees. Here we were allowed our turn for our bath by the guard. During our journey we made friends of some of the guards, and they did us all they could. On our return we were doing there, and cursed us to hell a hundred times, and ordered us to leave and never come round there again. The men who with us moved off when he first saw him, and we went back to our quarters.

and in its department. We shall place it on the shelf with Gibbon and Robertson, and often recur to it in moments of leisure, as to a cherished friend, for counsel and wisdom, so tastefully and genially dispensed.

The author seems to me to have been especially happy in giving a just prominence and coloring to the distinguished characters brought to view in his narrative, as well as in appreciating those moral and less tangible influences which shed nevertheless a soft, kind, and mellowed light upon the fortunes of a people, refining and elevating them even more than the coarser political events. The great figures, like those of Caesar and Karl, while standing out prominently, are not bold and rugged, but toned down by fine touches and placed in harmony with their surroundings. They are not the giants of fable, but great men, born of human impulses, and moving forward in the great currents of life. While we see their flesh and blood, as like those of other men, we are also made to see how they made the complicated machinery of political society, and shape the history of their times.

But to comprehend the bearing of the moral world on history, to show how those purer rays have mingled in human events, and imparted to them a fresher color, a higher tone, is a more difficult task, inasmuch as it requires not only reading and culture, but a nature susceptible of those higher immaterial influences. Only the most delicate surfaces can reflect those spiritual ideas, or show how the higher world overlaps and interpenetrates the material and political.

The author's appreciation of Christianity in her influence on the State is very happy. Coming in silently, as a breath from heaven, and diffusing a new life among the people, the church appears as a middle state, extending heavenward, and at the same time throwing out her branches into every section of the earthly empire, and prepared, as that empire is riven by the thunderbolts of civil discord and war, to hold together the shattered fragments till new combinations can be formed and fresh ligaments secured.

The church was a great force in society, as that empire had been, and left its mark on the world.

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MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.
FROM OUR MISSIONARY ROOMS AT NEW YORK.
What the Scriptures say concerning Property.

To whom does it belong?
The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts.
If property is placed in my hands by the providence of God, is it not then my own, to be used as I please?

The kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto him his goods; Matt. xx. 14.

And when he had said, "What shall I come?" Luke xix. 13.

Is it lawful to possess much property?

The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich; 1 Sam. ii. 7.

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord. Wealth and riches shall be in his house; Psalm exi. 3.

What is its advantages?

I know that there is much good in property; but I am constrained myself upon the opportunity for quiet reflection, when a sudden lurch of the ponderous vehicle obliged me to take a brief's eye view of the surrounding country from the opposite window. I am a thin, lean Yankee; very comfortably lean, except when reading those horrible advertisements by the proprietors of the chemical works for "Bones of all Kinds," but in that omnibus with the whirling crosswise of every gull in the road, I was fain to cry in pastoral parlance, "Would I were fatter."

I had an omnibus ride a fortnight since which was rather more than ordinary. It was a stormy day, and I rode a few miles out of the city for exercise. I got it. Alas! a dose. Embracing also the cardinal principle of that school of medicine that one must feel worse before feeling better.

There was no one else in the bus, and I was constrained myself upon the opportunity for quiet reflection, when a sudden lurch of the ponderous vehicle obliged me to take a brief's eye view of the surrounding country from the opposite window. I am a thin, lean Yankee; very comfortably lean, except when reading those horrible advertisements by the proprietors of the chemical works for "Bones of all Kinds," but in that omnibus with the whirling crosswise of every gull in the road, I was fain to cry in pastoral parlance, "Would I were fatter."

I was unmercifully jostled about, upset, or knocked on the head by the various motions, I began to have a sad anxiety in regard to what would become of me supposing I were found insensible or dead when the thing stopped. Blessed are all progress in the arts and sciences! On a little card depending from a corner of the bus I read these tranquilizing words: "The Dead Embalmed, Decolorized, Condensed and Expresso to any part of the United States." You can imagine the immense relief of knowing that the owners of the bus had provided for all probable contingencies. But my sheet is full; so good by.

Many that were rich cast in much; Mark xii. 41.

What are the evils attending the pursuit and possession of property?

Both, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit.

The love of silver shall not be satisfied with silver; neither he that loveth abundance, with increase; Eccles. v. 10, 11.

that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which draw men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through the covetousness; 1 Tim. vi. 10.

He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house; Prov. xv. 27.

Let not up for yourselves terrors upon earth; Matt. viii. 26.

How are we to employ what God entrusts to us?

Honor the Lord with thy substance; Prov. iii. 9.

Change them that they rich in world, ready to distribute, willing to contribute, giving up in store to themselves a good foundation, and then let them that they may lay hold on eternal life; 1 Tim. vii. 19.

Is giving a means of grace?

As ye abound in something, in faith, in utterance, and knowledge, in all diligence, and in your love to us, see that ye abound in this grace also; 2 Cor. viii. 7.

Should the poor use these means?

And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he saith unto them, This poor widow hath cast more in than all they who have cast in; for all have cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all she had, even all her living; Mark vii. 12.

Then deep poverty abounded unto the rich of their liberality. For to their power I bear record, yes, and ye yourselves, power, they were willing of themselves to give.

Every man shall give as he is able; Deut. xvi. 17.

What is the effect of giving on the prosperity of the gift?

Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first-fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine; Prov. iii. 9, 10.

That is what wherein there is most, and it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat; but he that will be fat shall be also hollow; Prov. xi. 24, 25.

Give to the poor, give to the widow, give to the mite, pressed down, and shaken together and running over, shall men (angels) give into your bosom; Luke vi. 38.

He that giveth to the poor shall be last; but he that hideth his eyes shall be a curse; Prov. x. 20.

He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he repay him; Prov. xiv. 17.

Should we regulate His benefactions by a system?

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by for the poor, and then present him to the Lord; that they be gathered when I come; 1 Cor. xvi. 22.

Bring ye your tithes (tenth) into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house; and prove now here with, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there will not be want; Mal. iii. 10.

So true. In a letter from Rev. Wm. Goodfellow our superintendent, dated Oct. 27 last, we learn, "Last Sunday evening at our prayer meeting about eighteen stood up when requested to do so, as a sign of their desire for the prayers of the church. For the last two Sunday evenings our house was crowded with attentive hearers."

"FOR CLOSER COMMUNION I PINE."—Well, just read the following letter from a missionary. Do not ask who wrote it, nor what it means. We shall for once consider the friends who have given it, and then reach:

Clothes, and other dress, and other fixtures, salary, and the risk of the enterprise upon my shoulders; but I am laboring for the cause and glory of our blessed Master, and I am not afraid of the risk. That shall be repaid at the resurrection of the just." How great the blessedness of working for the Lord Jesus than working for money. And when an old slave, who had been a slave for many years, and with me, and gives me the privilege had by Mary, of kissing his feet and bathing him with my tears of contrition and love. I am sure I do not feel the delicious luxury of prayer. Through seven and thirty years of toil, conflicts, humiliations, to him, with his wife, and his son, and his son's son, of this precious friend; and this blessedness has steadily increased till it has grown to be well nigh an habitual thing, till I adopt the words of my own,

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,
Slept beneath a mountain lone,
Plunged in the depths of living brooks and streams
Where her beloved gone.

Surely it ought not to be a thing incredible that they should say this who are walking by that "faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." And surely it is not that they are not to be accounted as true, as Jesus most willing to go to the anxiety of Esther, but knowing that "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." How often do I feel the home-sick, and realize thy "blessed" and the home-sick for heaven, for they shall come to their Father's house."

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Five Thousand Subscribers.—We are very anxious to reach these figures, and we mean perfectly practical. Many courageous and enterprising persons on poor credit, and with very little capital, have given us any price." This is cheering. Others say, "I must have the old Quarterly again." Every young preacher should have it and read it, if he has to sit up nights to do so. It will pay. Believe us, young brethren, it will pay. Price, only \$2.00. CARLTON & TOWER.

LETTER FROM PROVIDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—We have just got through with a "spell of weather," and though there is some prospect of a respite, many courageous and enterprising persons on poor credit, and with very little capital, have given us any price." This is cheering. Others say, "I must have the old Quarterly again." Every young preacher should have it and read it, if he has to sit up nights to do so. It will pay. Believe us, young brethren, it will pay. Price, only \$2.00.

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Poetry.

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Old Time has turned another page
Of eternity and truth;
He reads with a warning voice to age,
And whispers a lesson to youth.
A year has fled o'er head and head
Since we last met, but still
And we have a task to closely ask
What the bosom and brain have learned?
O! let us hope that hands have run
With a steady, precise, and true;
O! may we find that our hands have done
Some work of glorious pains.
Then a joyful cheer to the merry new year,
With the help of Heaven, we have
With the girls who love us
And a prayer for those who love us.
We may have seen some loved ones pass
To the land of hallowed rest;
We may miss the glow of a brother's brow
And the smile of a friend's breast;
But if we missed them while on earth,
With hearts all true and kind,
With kinder hearts blame the sinless mirth
Of those we left behind.
No! not one was not well or wise.
To mourn with endless pain;
This is a better world beyond the skies,
With a better spirit to sustain.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,
While the holy gleams above us;
With a pardon for the foes who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.
Our day's roll on is surely free
From sorrows' dire alloy?

LET THE ANGELS IN.

FEAKS ON THE FELLS, of Three Months' Bunction, and W. H. Davis, pp. 100. Crosby & Nichols, Boston; 10s. pp. 576. Crosby & Nichols, Boston; for sale by Nichols & Noyes.

The author describes, in rather an amusing vein, a London family, spending three months in the Highlands, and then tells a story of a nautical dream and its results.

Children.

LET THE ANGELS IN.
Open wide the door, mother,
Let the angels in, mother,
They are so bright and fair, mother,
So pure and free from sin.

I hear them speak my name, mother,
I hear them sing my name, mother,
O! let the angels in, mother,
They will take to me home.

I know that death has come, mother,
His hand is on my brow;
You cannot keep us here, mother—
Yes, we must go to the grave.

The grave is growing dark, mother—
I thought I heard you weep;

Like sinking into sleep!

I now must say farewell! mother,
For I am going home!

Now open wide the door, mother,
And let the angels come!

LET THE ANGELS IN.
A little girl woke in the night, and put her arms
close around her mother's neck. After caressing her
awhile, she spoke out:

"I thank God every day for such a dear, good
mother."

"But what if I should be taken away, what would
you do then?" the mother replied.

"I would be sure to thank him, and try to be
good, and come to see him in the beautiful mansion."

"And do you think little children will know their
mothers in heaven?"

"Mother," said Minnie, "does a soul have eyes to
see with in heaven?"

"And what do we shall see as we are seen, and
know as we are known?" was the mother's reply.

"My eyes won't acher there, will they, mother?"

"No dear, there will be no pain of sin in heaven."

"And my eyes won't cry, too, will they?"

"No, God will not let us weep."

"I don't know if I should be buried."

"The angels will bring me to the merry new year,

While the holy gleams above us;

With a pardon for the foes who hate,

And a prayer for those who love us.

Our day's roll on is surely free
From sorrows' dire alloy?

Do we still possess the gifts that bless
And fill our souls with joy?

Are we still fond of earthly joys?

Do we have loving voices now?

Do we gaze on eyes whose glances draw?

A halo round our home?

O! if we do, let us be grieved

To him who hath spied and given,

And forgot not o'er the festive board.

The angels will bring me to the merry new year,

While the holy gleams above us;

With a pardon for the foes who hate,

And a prayer for those who love us.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ARCTIC RESEARCHES AND LIFE AMONG THE EQUINOXES. Being the Narrative of an Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin in the Years 1860-62. By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. With Maps and 100 Illustrations. 8vo. pp. 520. New York: Harper & Brothers; Boston: A. Williams & Co.

The adventurous author of this charming narrative believes that some of Sir John Franklin's men may be yet living among the Equinoxes. He wishes to find them, and learn the fate of their distinguished leader. His former voyage extended over two years in explorations in the Arctic regions, a very interesting account of which is given in this volume. Mr. Hall has the merit of being the last, and in some respects the most successful explorer of those northern regions. It will be remembered that the author returned a few months since to spend another winter in prosecuting his explorations still farther. This is the opposite of a dull book. It has a high literary merit, combined with the artistic display in its numerous illustrations which so graphically describes, make it one of the most interesting books of Arctic explorations yet given to the public.

QUEENS OF SONG. Being Memoirs of some of the most Celebrated Female Vocalists who have performed on the Lyric Stage from the Earliest Days of Opera to the Present Time. By ELLEN CRESTHORN CLAYTON. 8vo. pp. 540. New York: Harper & Brothers; Boston: A. Williams & Co.

This volume contains ten portraits of the most distinguished "queens of song," and thirty-nine sketches carefully made, interspersed with statistics, anecdotes, and contemporary criticism. It commences as far back as 1703, and traces the illustrious line down to the present time. A large amount of interesting information is contained in this book not easily found elsewhere.

TREASURY OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE in North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa. 12mo., pp. 360. New York: Appleton & Co. For sale by W. H. Piper & Co.

This book contains a series of stories of adventure, partly authentic and partly imaginary, which will take the fad reader into all countries, and nearly around the globe. It will supply abundant food for the most craving appetite for romantic adventures.

THE DAWN OF HEAVEN, OR THE PRINCIPLES OF the Heavenly Life Applied to the Earthly. Large 12mo., pp. 360. New York: John Wiley & Sons; Boston: H. B. Foster & Sons. For sale by Gould & Lincoln.

This volume contains ten portraits of the most distinguished "queens of song," and thirty-nine sketches carefully made, interspersed with statistics, anecdotes, and contemporary criticism. It commences as far back as 1703, and traces the illustrious line down to the present time. A large amount of interesting information is contained in this book not easily found elsewhere.

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JOHN GODFREY'S FORTUNES. Related by himself. A Story of American Life, by Bayard Taylor. 12mo., pp. 511, price \$2.25. New York: Hurd & Houghton; Boston: Taggard & Thompson.

This is a story of American life, told in Bayard Taylor's peculiar style. We fancy that for the most part the author relates his own experience and personal observation.

Fious people will be interested in his description of his religious meetings and revival work, and yet he has doubtless given them as they appeared to him, looking at them through "his peculiar-stained glass."

He gives the dedication that describes things as he found them, not that they ought to be.

A YEAR IN CHINA. By Mrs. H. Dwight Williams, with an Introductory Note by Wm. C. Bryant. Small 12mo., pp. 362, price \$2. New York: Hurd & Houghton. For sale by W. H. Piper, Boston.

Mrs. Williams, the wife of an American citizen, is captain, author of "Voices from the Silent Land," was captured, on her homeward voyage, by the pirate "Maffit," and imprisoned on board the "Florida." In addition to what she saw and learned in a year's residence in the Celestial Empire, she gives an account of her capture and imprisonment. She handles a good pen and makes an interesting book.

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